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Let Little People Have Foot Comfort

Patent Leather Strap Sandals, sizes 2 to 5	60c
" " " " " 5 1-2 to 8	85c
" " " " " 8 1-2 to 11	\$1.10
" " " " " 11 1-2 to 2	1.35

Vici Kid Sandals, turned soles, sizes 8 1-2 to 11, \$1.10  
" 11 1-2 to 2, 1.35

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## Some Breezy Kicker Items

What Has Been Going on in the Neighborhood of Give-dam Gulch.

It is generally believed in Grass Valley that the city clerk of that town, who has been missing for three weeks, has been devoured by a bear, as he was last seen in the company of one.

We learn that a man from Indiana is about to start a paper at Pine Hill, where six different editors have been shot or run out within two years. We congratulate him on being either a fool or a brave man.

The party who came along the street at midnight the other night and buried a rock through our bedroom window



HE LIMPED OFF WITHOUT LEAVING HIS CARD.

in the postoffice must have been a stranger in town. We were out of bed and had put a bullet into one of his legs before he had got his mouth puckered up to laugh. He limped off without leaving his card.

We haven't said anything lately regarding our ambition to be the next president of the United States, but we are keeping up a lot of thinking all the time and shall be in evidence when the time comes. Nothing is too tall for us.

We have been postmaster of the town for almost three years and have been working hard all that time, and yet it was only the other day that we got the windows of the old building clean enough to see through and found a clean spot on the floor. Uncle Sam is industrious, but not proud.

Mr. George H. Sheaver, the popular gunsmith of Rose Valley, denies that his wife has eloped, as stated in our issue last week. All right, George. If you succeeded in heading her off, that is your good luck, and we congratulate you. Our informant probably took the will for the deed.

Old Jim Hewson, who was caught in a snowslide near Dog Creek last winter and held fast for four days, has invented and is now making use of fifty-six new cuss words, none of which are less than four inches long. It takes a calamity to make some men do their best.

A keg of printer's ink which was on its way to us from Chicago was stolen from the freight house at Lone Jack the other day by half breed Indians and eaten up for molasses. There were five persons in the plot, and all of them have gone up into the hills to take a vacation and rest up after their arduous labors.

As mayor and postmaster of the town we must now and then take a bluff in order to maintain our dignity, but as plain Jim Heliso we own a mule which can beat anything in the west on a half mile track, and we'll bet on it.

Fifty bushels of onions came into town yesterday along with fourteen barrels of whisky, and for the next two weeks our sanctum will be kept locked against the general public. Any one breathing through the keyhole must take his chances of being shot in the head.

The Lone Jack Recorder charges us with killing thirty-eight men since we established the Kicker and asks why we are permitted to live on and swagger around. In the first place, as the Recorder man could easily have ascertained, the number of men we have had to lay away in self defense is only fourteen, and in the next we are permitted to live on because no one cares to undertake the job of disposing of us.

Editor Joseph Brayton of the Pine Hill Banner called us a liar over the telephone the other day. We shall ride over to Pine Hill some day next week, and we'll bet \$10 to a cent that Editor Joseph Brayton can't be found within five miles of his office as long as we stay in town. M. QUAD.

**Contradictory.**  
Little Edith had a habit.  
Habit very bad.  
Known, to make it brief, as "musstas"  
Everything she had.  
Little Edith thought her mamma inconsistent quite—  
"Says I musst and then I musstn't!"  
Said the puzzled spic.  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### A Considerate Fellow Was Inventor Fixem

THERE goes Fixem, the celebrated inventor.  
"Who? That little man across the street?"  
"Yes. The one with the dent in his hat. Did you ever hear about his consideration for his wife?"  
"No, but of course he would be kind to her."  
"Sure. But she complained he staid but so late at night and caused her to lose sleep waiting up for him. So he invented a phonograph attachment for the clock so that every hour after midnight it would recite for fifteen minutes: John Henry Fixem, this is a pretty time of night for a respectable person to be coming home! Where in this world have you been? Don't tell me that. I know you haven't been at the office. If you ever dare to come home this way again I shall go home to my mother. What will the neighbors say? And a whole lot more like that."—Chicago Tribune.

**Shrewd Move.**  
Mrs. Fox—Great news! George is engaged to Miss Roxley.  
Mr. Fox—What! Our son engaged to Miss Roxley? I must object!  
Mrs. Fox—Nonsense! Are you out of your mind?  
Mr. Fox—Not at all, but if we don't kick a little the Roxleys will think we don't amount to much, and they'll probably call it all off.—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Hopeless Case.**  
Mr. Sappbedd—Charles Hiroll has actually disgraced his family by going into trade.  
Miss Sulfuric—Let me see. He had already committed forgery, embezzlement and one of two other things, had he not?  
Mr. Sappbedd—Yes.  
Miss Sulfuric—Well, what could you expect of a fellow like that?—Pittsburg Post.

**Having It Understood.**  
"Yes," said the handsome young man, "I will be your husband, but—"  
"Oh, Albert," cried the rich old lady,



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"do not say that I must not expect you to love me."  
"No, I wasn't going to say that. I merely desire to inform you that you must not expect me to call you 'Baby' in public."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Nothing Doing.**  
"Now that I have sold you a policy," said the insurance agent, "I will make you an interesting proposition. Give me some letters of introduction to people you know and I will give you half my commission on every one of them I land."  
"My dear man," cried the new policy holder, "I haven't an enemy on earth!"—Newark News.

### Sure to Get Home.



Hix—Darby has a great system for

playing the races.  
Dix—How's that?  
Hix—He always sews his cartare up in the lining of his coat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**The Law of Gravity.**  
"Yes," said Tom, "she accepted me, but I tell you the thought of proposing to her made my heart sink. I couldn't help thinking, 'Suppose she should reject me.'"  
"Ah! It was the gravity of that thought that made your heart sink."—Philadelphia Press.

**Loving Him On.**  
Servant (at sweet girl's boudoir)—Mr. Nicefell'w is in the parlor, miss.  
Sweet Girl (throwing down a novel)—Horror! And my hair is all down! Tell him he'll have to wait a little, as I'm in the kitchen helping mother.—London Tit-Bits.

**His Pungle.**  
"Shall I get you the shovel, Mr. Tightwad?"  
"What in the world do you suppose I want with a shovel, Jimmy?"  
"Sister said if you went with her you've got to get busy and dig up."—Houston Post.

**High Finance.**  
Willie had a savings bank;  
'Twas made of painted tin.  
He passed it round among the boys,  
Who put their pennies in.

Then Willie wrecked that bank and bought  
Sweetmeats and chewing gum,  
And to the other envious lads  
He never offered some.

"What shall we do?" his mother said.  
"It is a sad mischance!"  
His father said, "We'll cultivate  
His gift for high finance!"  
—Washington Star.

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